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VOL. XVIII.

No. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mea gesta tractat, nomen laudatque YALENSIS
Censurae Societas, nomenclique PATRES."

MAY, 1853.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.

MAY, 1853.

No. VI.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '53.

A. GROUT,

C. T. LEWIS,

G. A. JOHNSON,

B. K. PHELPS,

A. D. WHITE.

A Plain Talk About the "Lit."

"If you think so, why don't you tell 'em so?" Such is a fair transcript of the answer we have received from a dozen or so of our particular friends, when we have worried them with complaints about our subscription list, and proposed certain reforms beneficial to Editors and subscribers. We are now, even at this late hour, fully determined to follow the aforesaid advice. Much good may it do all concerned. To do this philosophically, we shall first speak of the labors of Editors, then of their sins; afterward of the subscribers and those who ought to be subscribers, following the same order; first labor, then sin. The labor of the Editor of any given number is most perplexing. First, he writes something huge for a leader, afterward something profound for an article, and last of all, something wonderfully acute for an Editor's table, with something excessively statistical for the Memorabilia. But O ye aspiring wights among the "lower classes!" Ye ambitious in the list of "young gentlemen who have lately entered College!" Ye think, doubtless, that when the Editor hath dipped a dozen sheets of foolscap in his seething brain, all is done, and his only load is his blushing honors. But ye have never yet seen the "interior arrangements." Ye have not yet penetrated the sanctum which your greenness has pictured as a desirable place, but whose doors, to confess the truth, are never opened save to show to the sorrowing Editor "the elephant in all his huge dimensions." You have never yet bumped your heads on the low walls of North Middle and South Middle, in hunting subscribers; you

have never yet broken your shins on the rickety staircases of North and South Colleges to get new contributors for your number, or to ferret out old ones; never yet in the midst of your deep study or hard earned conviviality has 'the devil' burst in upon you with proofs and Stafford's notice that he is in a great hurry to have them corrected. You have never—pshaw, you *have* never and *can* never, in College, see half the perplexity which besets those five philanthropists who devote themselves so earnestly to your welfare. You are still, perhaps, a little incredulous; we will pile on a few more proofs which we know will do our business. Perhaps as you sauntered along from the Post Office, you never have met an Editor in his tri-daily rush to the printer. If not, watch! it will do you good if pity can chasten, or mirth exhilarate you. Standing thus on the watch you shall have a fine view of the seven league movement of the long-legged, or the forty-revolution-to-the-minute pace of the short-legged Editor; thus, too, shall you have a fine hearing of the cough of the lean, and the wheeze of the portly Editor as he whizzes by laden with a heavy after-thought for the printer. Don't go to the New York Theatres in vacation to see misery or mirth depicted, but, when the time for the "Lit" draweth nigh, take your station anywhere on the Green, and, from the board of Editors there shall pass you faces which scowl more fiercely than Forrest's, and forms that squirm more comically than Burton's.

And now for the Editorial sins. You certainly might expect many, and excuse more on consideration of the foregoing miseries. First in the list stands procrastination, but don't infer from this that all who hinder the Magazine by laziness are Editors. On their shoulders even-handed justice would not lay a tithe of the blame. If anybody should suffer, it is, most certainly, those contributors who do not keep their promises. The next sin, and it is one often harped upon, is the placing of division-room essays where original articles are expected. Now we think that it might be shown by the simplest kind of logic, that this practice, if not carried too far, is a benefit to subscribers, for, *First*, It satisfies curiosity as to what is the standard in the graduating class of any year. *Second*, When the essays in question have won prizes, they show, to writers in those classes which have not yet tried, what kinds of writing meet the approval of the Faculty, and hence in what they may venture hopefully. That the Editors of '53 have gone beyond this limit, we deny. Many articles which, from their soberness and want of Magazine gayety, may have been thought, by careless readers, division-room pieces, have been new work expressly for the number in which they appeared; and we have

no doubt that full half of the complaints on this score can be resolved into similar inattention. The individual "we," who now lectures you, has not during the year, printed one division-room essay, and although there is one in this number, it has been entirely remodeled and is only inserted because its subject is now occupying much attention all about us. One more argument in favor of the insertion of Prize Essays and pieces of a similar kind. In after years, nine-tenths of the worth of the Lit will be in the remembrances of classmates and their doings. And if there be articles of theirs inserted of the kind so much reprobated, the men who wrote them rise up before the reader much more clearly, since you call to mind all the particulars of his effort in the class, and have presented to you, in a manner much more suggestive of old times, all his old characteristics.

And now to the labor of subscribers. This labor is, in the main, to give us our two dollars. You are not asked to read prosy articles, (give thanks for it most devoutly,) no more are you urged, beyond what is decent, to subscribe; but when you have subscribed, you are asked to make good your promise. And here is the most comical thing in all College, a thing which brings us to the next grand division, the sins of subscribers. There are dozens of fellows vamping around these College barracks, who are full of talk about class dignity and personal honor, but are as true sneaks and thieves as any Matsell ever shut up in the New York Tombs. To hear one of these talk is rich, decidedly. Always at their old game, they open upon one a regular brag battery on the least occasion. The good old maxim that "an acre of performance is worth a whole land of promise," is to them unknown, and indeed the eighth commandment seems just as little familiar, if we are to judge from the way they have served us. One word, then, to you who have thus deceived and cheated us, on the decency of the thing. We have a long list of you. Some of you, on some accounts, we have considered good fellows, but must say that this is a feature in your character which we, in common with the world in general, despise. In the code of College morals by which, while here, you stand or fall, one who cheats towns-people is bad enough, but one who cheats his fellow students is infinitely worse.

One word more on the *policy* of the thing. Many of you, no doubt, have some College aspirations in one direction or another; believe us, then, that if you follow Napoleon's rule, "to leave nothing undone which may tend to the desired result," you will certainly pay us our due. We have known on more than one occasion these aspirations hurt or helped wonderfully by much smaller matters than this, and we know that the

want of faithfulness to pecuniary engagements, has in very many cases spoiled all a man's cunning plans for acquiring honor from his College fellows. Of two men presented for your choice to any place, if, as is generally the case, there is no vast difference in talent, you will scarcely give your vote for one who has cheated you, in preference to one who has treated you honorably. This is sober truth, and if you are "smart" in the least, you will take care that the Lit subscription list shall never rise up against you. You undoubtedly think it a much more acute thing, to sit in your room among after-dinner cronies finding fault with the Lit and foretelling its fall; thus shall you preserve the dignity of a sucking College prophet, but, to speak plainly, we never knew one of your sort who was not seen through. While you thus bore your fellows who smoke your cigars and drink your ale in jolly acquiescence, they look into you and grin at you. They know what you are then, just as well as when you find fault stately with some College performance among whose managers you tried to be enrolled and could not, or when you abuse a classmate who has got the start of you in honors, or when you give new theories as to what is true scholarship and what its true rewards, the Faculty having ignored your pretensions. And now, to conclude, let us lay down to all College what is our due. We wish for your names on our subscription list, and if you are not poor, very poor, we certainly see a streak of meanness in your character if you refuse, especially as there is not one in ten of those who refuse who does not, at times, borrow our periodical from his neighbors. Still, refusal to subscribe is a venial sin compared with refusal to pay a subscription, which, with us, is mortal. Don't subscribe, then, unless you mean to pay. There are always subscribers enough to support the Lit if payment is prompt. Moreover, don't blame us for prosinness, for who wouldn't be prosy with a large deficiency to make up and all arising from the cheatery of scamps who were considered honest? And ye whose fault-finding and whose shirking payment arises from a want of appreciation on our part of some of your early efforts, be assured that people are not so blind as not to see through you, therefore keep still awhile. A word, also, as to the stale old College common-place, that the "tone of the articles should be elevated." We know it well. Right glad would we be to see the thing done, and we think that to a certain extent it can be, and will be done, but as to reaching that pinnacle of perfectness, which these fault-finders contemplate, we think it plainly impossible until the university excludes all from her privileges who have not attained their full majority at least. There is an astute old maxim declaring the impossibility of making a whistle,

&c., and the same processes of reasoning which gave it to us, will also lead us to the conclusion that it is fully as hard to make giants in historical research, in criticism, or in general literature, out of youth who have no farther data than what a comparatively slender course of reading has given them.

You can't expect that our brains are yet rich enough to give you a Blackwood, or that our pockets are full enough to pay for such articles as make up Putnam's, or that we are so crammed full of jollity as to give you a Knickerbocker, or that our consciences are so totally depraved, and our way of working so piratical, as to give you a Harper's Magazine.

But if we cannot pretend to cope with these, we do make pretensions to anything that can be reasonably expected of us. You have been told a thousand times that our Magazine is the oldest College periodical in the United States. We think, too, that there is no doubt in unprejudiced minds that it is, to say the least, fully equal to the best. We have been told, scores of times, by the graduates and students of other Colleges, that it is *the best*, but this, although we have never heard it denied, our modesty does not permit us to claim. If you complain of prosiness in our articles, we think you will not have the unfairness to charge upon them bombast or softness.

The Yale Lit has not yet become a mere organ of the American Eagle, nor of moonshine romancings about student junketings in term time, and student love-nonsense in vacations. Although we see in cotemporary College Magazines much to admire, and in some, much to fear in the way of rivalry, we think that any student among us, grumbler though he be, will, on examination, confess that the Lit is at least as good as any. It has now gone on eighteen years. If you wish to break it down, do so openly and fairly. Do it in regular class conclave, and not by lying to the Editors. To be sure, the class which does this will be handed down as a pack of fools, and the movement would be vain, as the next decent class following would mend the matter, but let us have fairness in your proceedings. Against the whole race of sneaks who have bothered us, in behalf not of ourselves, as it is too late now, but in behalf of those who succeed us, we set up the old rallying cry of "Yale," and expect a strong force of good fellows to come to the rescue.

w.

Zenobia.*

THE subject and many of the incidents of the following poem were suggested by the romance entitled, "*Letters from Palmyra*," by WM. WARE.

—————"The Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian."

TENNYSON'S 'PRINCESS.'

AMID the wreck, confused and vast
Of ages, and of gloried past,
Whose temple, tower, and pyramid
Beneath the desert sands are hid,
And bones of countless thousands rest,
By long forgetfulness opprest,
The traveler stands, in thoughtful mood,
And muses mid the solitude.

"Silence, how solemn and how dread,
Thou royal city of the dead!
Each broken shaft and architrave
Is crumbling o'er a nation's grave,
And marble piles, in ruin blent,
Afford thy fittest monument.

Where now the sounds of life and cheer,
The tramp of myriads gathered here
The hearts which beat of old, as free
As throbs the pulse of infancy,
The mien erect, the kindling eye,
Which said, "These splendors cannot die!"
Forgotten now, and once so great!
How is thy beauty desolate!
No sculptured stone or chronicle
To future times the tale may tell
Of *all* the glory and the fame
Which shed a halo round thy name,
When minstrels of thy triumphs sung,
And time and those alike were young;—
But here and there a feeble light
Illumes the universal night,
And by its faint and flickering beams,
I shape the fancies of my dreams.

Fair city of the waving palms,
Where art and nature seem to vie
In lavish gifts of countless charms,
To dazzle and delight the eye;
Amid the eastern desert set,
Like flashing gem in field of jet;

* A poem recited at the Junior Exhibition of the Class of 1854, by James K. Lombard.

Full soft and balmy are the skies,
'Neath which thy thousand columns rise,
And breezes, through thy long arcades,
O'erarched by green and living shades,
Across the trackless, desert wild,
With perfume laden, blow as mild
As if eternal summer smiled.
Renowned and feared in distant lands,
Palmyra in her beauty stands.

'Tis morn upon the groves of palm,
Reposing in the gentle calm,
And morn upon the gilded spires,
All glowing with reflected fires,—
When gathering throngs begin to fill
The streets but now so lone and still:
The form, else with traffic rife,
And mingled sounds of daily life,
Forsaken stands, while to and fro
Through colonnade and portico
The still increasing numbers press
With joyous looks and gala dress:
The city wears an aspect gay,
Proclaiming some glad holiday.
From sounds of toil and busy mart,
And scenes of humble life apart,
Surrounded by the lofty piles,

Where dwell in princely pride and state
Beneath the light of fortune's smiles,

Palmyra's noble and her great,
Of massive form, proportions fair,
And grace unequalled, even there,
'Mid gardens, fountains, slopes of green,—
Behold the palace of the queen!

The brazen gate, wide open swung,
With massive arch above it flung,
Disclosed but a partial view
To him who looks the vista through,
Of statues, columns, promenades,
And winding walks, mid tempting shades,
And warbling birds, and cool cascade.

And now the throng is drawing near,
Expectant crowds assembling here
To greet their beauteous queen, and see
The glittering pomp and pageantry.
Nor long they wait—the stirring blast
And cymbals' clash are heard at last,

As from the gate a herald rides,
And silently the throng divides.
A few brief moments intervene
Before the cavalcade is seen.
A hundred knights, with trappings gay,
And clad in armor, led the way,
Each mounted on a prancing steed
Of fleet, far-famed Nisean breed,
While banners float the breeze upon,
'Mid peal of trump and clarion.

A hundred more are in their rear,
With nodding plume and glittering spear,
On Arab coursers, black as jet,
With jewels in their housings set.
And now the gaze of all is bent
Upon a waving canopy,
And from the multitude intent,
Like swelling surges of the sea
Ascends the shout from near and far,
"Long live our queen, Zenobia!"

With beauty, gentleness, and grace,
Adorning a majestic mien,
On every feature of her face,
And every look impressed the queen,—
She rides amid the royal throng
Upon a lofty seat enthroned,
And hears, in joyous shout and song,
Her universal empire owned.
A helmet light concealed her hair,
Surrounded by a jeweled band,
One arm, save slender bracelets, bare,
And golden sceptre in her hand.
A purple robe around her waist
Is clasped by diamond buckle rare,
Nor ever royal purple graced
One better fit the crown to wear.
Her gracious smile new zeal imparts,
And louder swells the glad acclaim,—
O thus to reign in loving hearts,
Were worth a thousand years of fame!

It is Zenobia's natal day,
And thus in oriental state
She to the senate takes her way,
Where counselors her coming wait.

Upon the broad and level street,
Where two frequented crossings meet,
A hall of polished marble stands,
The work of no unskillful hands,
Whose countless massive columns rise
Like giants reaching to the skies.
Within, the only light is shed
From dome at dizzy height o'erhead,
While reigns around the spacious room
An air of grandeur and of gloom.

At end remote, approached by flight
Of steps of alabaster stone,
A dais raised, of gentle height,
Supports a sculptured ivory throne.
Palmyra's senate seated round
In Eastern and dignified array,
Like Roman Conscript Fathers gowned,
In silence wait their monarch's stay.
Behind them all the ample space
Is crowded with the populace.
The wall from roof to marble floor
With tapestry is covered o'er,
And every wanton summer breeze
Light sways the pendant draperies.
At length a rustling sound is heard
Of silken hangings gently stirred.
The heavy folds are drawn aside,
And with the blush of kindling pride
Forth steps Zenobia to view,
Attended by her retinue.
The knee each loyal subject bends,
As to her throne the queen ascends,
While to the echoing arches rise
Long, loud, enthusiastic cries,
The prayer of every Palmyrene—
"The gods defend our lovely queen."

She waves her hand, and at her will
The shouts subside, and all is still;
Then, while her dark and piercing eye
Denotes a purpose firm and high,
She speaks in tones so full and clear,
That all within the room can hear.

"Witness, my friends, my boast is not in vain,—
The gods have smiled propitious on my reign,

Since first they gave me to possess alone
Palmyra's sceptre, diadem, and throne.
And now the dawning of this gracious day
Beholds me wielding undiminished sway,
And while the Roman claims the distant west,
Zenobia mistress of the East confessed.
And shall I lightly lay this glory down,
Or lose a jewel from my radiant crown?
'Tis said Aurelian brooks no rival power,
And in the West the storms of battle lower,—
Shall we, dismayed, if but a Roman nod
Fall down and worship as before a god,
Or costly presents to the conqueror send,
And pledge our word to never more offend?
Thus live enslaved! nay *life* were paltry gain,
Then let me perish when I cease to reign.
They charged me with *ambition*, as if aught
Of solid greatness *ever* came unsought!
The charge is true, it but bespeaks an aim
To win by merit, not to *chance* on fame;
The lofty soul no narrow bounds confine,
I would the empire of the world were mine;
And, rest assured, the spacious *world* should know
My will and power to bless it, were it so."

She speaks, and takes her royal seat,—
Then hastes each noble to her feet,
And as he low before her bows,
His loyal faith and fealty vows,
And pledges to Palmyra's weal
His life, his fortune, and his steel.

Again the mingled shouts ascend,
As thousand voices wildly blend,
Invoking ruin on his head
Who dares Palmyra's soil invade;
And praying for a sky serene
Above their country and their queen.

'Tis morn once more, as pure and bright
As ever tipped with living light
The summits of the hills, that throw
Their shadow o'er the plain below.
Ere yet the rosy tints are fled
Which morning o'er the city shed,
The streets are all alive again
With crowds of eager, bustling men;

A chariot drawn by prancing steeds,
With rapid motion here proceeds,—
Their baggage-trains are urged along
Amid the noisy, motley throng,
And troops of horse, with harness gay,
Without the city take their way
To join beyond the northern gate,
The camp, where now their comrades wait.

Zenobia at length appears,
Surrounded by her cavaliers,
In armor clad of burnished steel,
Whose joints her faultless shape reveal;
With ease her fiery steed she guides,
And, fearless as a centaur, rides;
She heads her train, at dashing pace,
As when in pleasures of the chase,
Then wheels and draws the flowing rein,
Her Arab's mettle to restrain.
Before the royal tent she stands,
And quickly gives her brief commands,—
Then, as the trumpet's blast is heard,
And every breast with ardor stirred,
The tents are struck, the flags displayed,
The word to march is passed, obeyed;
And soon the pageant, vast and gay,
Of marshaled hosts, in grand array,
Fades in the distant west away.

Proud, beauteous queen! thy destiny
Thou canst not shun, enrolled on high;
As shoots some glorious star in air,
And shines awhile refulgent there;
Then fades its transient splendor o'er,
In darkness blacker than before,
Thus shall thy star, whose rays benign
Adorn and gild where'er they shine,
But point thee to impending doom,
Then fade and die in thickest gloom.

Another scene, and this the last,
Ere yet the spectacle has passed;
Palmyra conquered, humbled, bowed
Submission to the conqueror proud,—
Aurelian comes with gorgeous train
Triumphant back to Rome again;
With glittering spoils of war displayed,
And dazzling pomp and gay parade.

Gold, jewels, statues, borne along
Amid the wonder of the throng,
And mournful files of captives, bound,
With downcast eyes, fixed on the ground.
And lo! amid the train is seen
Palmyra's once majestic queen.
On foot, beneath the burning rays
Of mid-day sun, and under gaze
Of Roman mob, she marches there
With pensive and abstracted air,
As if her heart were far away,
Nor felt the insults of to-day.
Her thoughts are with the loved and fond,
The azure waters far beyond;
And as in swift succession rise
Her friends and home before her eyes,
Forgetful of the crown and throne,
And all the pride of empire flown,
A struggling tear affords relief
To that deep, crushing load of grief.

'Tis o'er—the dream of buried power,
The idle fancies of an hour:
All, all is silence, hushed, profound,
And spacious ruin spread around:
The traveler turns at set of sun,
And breathes a parting benison.

A Bid for the New Drama.

It is a fact which, by their actions, men have taken care to post very plainly before the world, that in lopping from any system its unhealthy members, the healthy have usually to suffer also; that thoroughness in such affairs generally takes to itself many proportions of heedlessness; that they who have been fierce to cut out or burn out some small social evil, have often made fissures through which the life has oozed also.

Among these surgeons and cauterizers are many who, from their knowledge of the world's ailments, as well as that prior knowledge which disciplined them, have had no small share in the world's esteem. But this esteem, notwithstanding the study it took to gain it, and the hard labor it took to keep it, went almost before it yielded profit to its possessors. They were reformers long enough to show that the cure may be worse

than the disease; they were scholastics long enough to found new schools in theology; but were sure to be mere babes in common sense long enough to spoil their schools with persecutions, and this same heedless thoroughness. Of this kindred are many at this present who preach crusades against the Drama—men who in their very strength are sickly; who have heard how the theatre ranks among moral charnel houses, but have not thought what a very palace it would become with noble intellects and honorable purposes as its architects. To skillfully bestow the Drama among moral pests, and these the worst, is with many a test of pious shrewdness. We propose then to show some reasons why the legitimate Drama, legitimately conducted, so far from being injurious, is most beneficial to any people.

It must be owned, however, that arrayed against the theatre soberly and firmly, is a body which the whole people must respect; men whose opinions are of great weight, because they are formed with great care; men who, for any belief they have, can give a reason, and a good reason; men whose reasonings have a right to the confidence of their neighbors, because they are rarely if ever tripped in following out the common courses of action to their legitimate results.

Perhaps the *real* Drama has been injured as much by the unfairness of its upholders as by any other cause; and among sophisms used in behalf of the Drama none does it more harm than that very common and very miserable one, that the abuse *can* be no argument against the use. The employment of this proposition in the common fallacious method seems to show a weakness and worthlessness in the Drama which can show no better arguments. Take the argument a moment to try its worth; take as representing the *use* of the Drama, its aggregate good results; take as representing the *abuse*, its aggregate evil results. Let us then look at the two common fallacies which Bentham has shown so clearly.

The *first* is, that *in taking an account of the effects of a system, we are to set down all the good effects, and take no notice of the bad ones.*

The *second* is, that *if, in taking an account of the effects of any system, we do take notice of the bad ones, and find that they make up a long column, while the good make a shorter column, we are nevertheless empowered, by the mere existence of the less good, to go on with the system and not to mind the greater evil.*

Such an argument weakens any cause, and it is impossible not to allow that where the abuses attending the public exhibition of the Drama are great, and the use little, the Drama should be suppressed. This is fre-

quently the case in comparatively small towns and cities, where the abuses exist, but where the meagre talent and small stock of the theatre cannot show counterbalancing uses. This, however, is but an exception to a rule universal, which we would endeavor to deduce.

All society must have its amusements. Some seek this in modes which please minds which have passed through the niceties of a most thorough cultivation; others in ways suited to more blunt perceptions. There are several degrees of cultivation, and each demands some characteristic in its amusement differing from every other: each has an idol which the others refuse to worship, but which they do not refuse to tolerate.

As one progresses in strength of mind, he needs less of appeals to his love of a mere pleasing leisure, and more of a suggestive amusement. This may be in easy reading, sifting new theories, examining curious learning, criticising thinkers claiming originality, sporting with the claims of upstarts, or in any similar occupation. Another who has not progressed so far in fastidiousness respecting his mental cravings, stops short of the former's mark. Another, who has progressed still less, falls farther short, and makes demands seemingly utterly at variance with the others; but just as satisfactorily do these amusements cover this common necessity of the latter by bluntly coming in at his eyes or ears, and alighting on his love for the marvelous, as in the former class by making an entrance more noiselessly, and settling on his nicer perceptions of the sublime or ridiculous. The problem in the rough then is, having given a common necessity in so many gradations, to find a legitimate amusement to satisfy this necessity, it being premised that the most perfect will be that which can be demonstrated to cover the wants of all at the same time.

To know what the canons of this amusement are, take the formula already given. Something is needed in a mind under the highest cultivation, to satisfy the love of an easy acquaintance with standard literature, new and old—the love of original thought and original modes of its presentation—the love of the choice disquisitions of genius, of comparisons in character, of tracing the easier sequences from cause to effect, and perhaps some little disowned love of pomp. In the next class these things are needed in a less degree, with more material for fancy, and less for reason. A class lower still, looks for broad humor, loud cracks of wit, and the dazzle of the stage mockeries. All these wants, the Drama may satisfy by a single good example. Take Shakspeare's Henry IV. There is thought to be pried into by the acutest intellects, pomp enough

to distribute elation to the largest audience, and what congelation of humor plunges into our affections deeper, or cheers us longer than Falstaff? But the formula already given, is satisfied by the Drama in another and most vital requirement. It was laid down that the most perfect amusement would be that which satisfied the different classes at the *same time*. The Drama alone does this. It alone gives each lower class the benefit of the more refined taste of each higher.

But the cause of the Drama has been injured by another argument, used by its too zealous admirers. It is claimed by some as a vastly wonderful means of moral and intellectual progress. This has, at bottom, some truth. That historical personages and their acts stamp their images deep upon us in the theatre is most true; that this stamp *lasts* is also true; but that moral and intellectual discipline comes from the stage is doubtful. They who learn their geography by rhymes, their arithmetic by marbles, or their latin by lectures, rarely enjoy them more than harder workers in the processes while present, or praise them more when past.

No more would we see some pretending persuasion to morality scrambling for place in the Drama. There are other places beside the stage for positive religious teachings, and any great weight of sanctimony generally breaks down the best vehicle which play-wrights can construct. There must be in the Drama some tawdriness, and we should refuse to set great isolated truths in such a framing, as we refuse for the diamond a setting of tinsel. The celebrated remarks of Dr. Channing, against displaying religious truths too frequently and openly, here apply most forcibly. It is only where some great moral idea looks out from the whole; where body, strong for evil, is seen confronted, and confronted hopefully by mind strong for good, that the Drama can force upon us pleasing analogies between the actor and proclaimers of moral truth. Here then is the great mistake in summing up the claims of the Drama. Many show it wholly as a piece of moral or educational enginery, when it is primarily neither. It is an amusement, and all good grafts are gain only as they do no hurt to the stock. Trees for shade are useful; trees for fruit are, perhaps, more so; yet he who grafts from the latter upon the former, is rarely a great gainer. But legislation in endeavoring to give this bias to the Drama forcibly, has generally met that doubtful success which marks the overstepping of its profitable functions. There is little use at any time in hedging in the platform of pious action, so that all but the most cadaverous are certain to be scratched in their endeavors to come at it. Such a plan arrays a very small band of defenders of a faith, but a very large band of its opposers—men who *would*

be its friends, but catalogued among its enemies, speedily become so. It is best to make some account of the erratic in human nature; for, although without this account, our theories may be better, our practice will certainly be poorer. We argue, then, that it is best to seize upon the prevalent satisfaction to the need of amusement; to mould it in as good form as possible, and not to attempt any complete destruction of the methods in use. The practical rule is to recast much, and to create little; but it is necessary to find what there is to recast, and who is to recast it. This material we have already described, now we consider the agency.

In this matter there is, holding a middle ground between the two extremes of positively right and wrong judgment, a large class of indifferents; men who seek not *the* amusement, but *an* amusement; men who could school their tastes into any system which fashion might commend to them; who, regarding the true basis of an amusement, know little and care less. There may be, perhaps, three fourths of a community, and of the remaining fourth, comprising the two extremes—the positive in right-thinking and wrong-thinking, we may say that half are perverted in their tastes, and the other half careful analysts of various systems, and, therefore, the reliable judges in the premises. In this latter fourth will be found the dictators of popular modes of relaxation. At one time the perverts rule, at another, those of sound judgment; commonly, however, there is a compromise. This is most clearly seen in the present theatrical system. It is between perversion on the one hand, with its weapons of indigestion and peculiar love for the small hours of night; and, on the other, educated taste, ready to yield all else if there may remain the amusement itself with the outward decencies. The great cause of any yielding of principle is the apathy of this latter educated eighth. In any strife in a community regarding this matter, if the men of sound judgment muster as much interest in their own hearts as do their adversaries, they are sure of the victory. The whole history of the perverts shows, that, to such a contest, they bring little real force. The history of operatic amusements in our country proves these assertions. The triumphal march of the new Drama, or, rather, of the noble old Drama in new robes, as conducted by Fanny Kemble, proves them. Refined taste builds grand opera houses and concert halls; but that reaction which is sure to come, shall build grander theatres—theatres without drunkards behind the boxes, and courtesans behind the curtain. Taste now pays a king's ransom for importing eunuchs to interpret the silliest kind of love, and the softest kind of heroism in high musical flourishes,

and in an unknown tongue; but it shall yet pay as well to bring over a foreign talent, and bring out a native genius, which shall give us in sturdy English the great thoughts of our glorious old dramatists.

There is no sound economy in the legal suppression of the Drama, because the exertion necessary to carry out the suppressing law would give the right arbiters of amusements the ascendancy. It is, indeed, a cause of sorrow that this moral exertion is not used—that it does not drive folly from the stage, and immorality from the audience. A few vigorous strokes would break away all the supports of crime in the perverted theatre—a little diligence would crush all the earthly, sensual, devilish, which now hives in our play houses; careful preservation of old, and fostering of new talent, would again bring to bear upon the whole community the chastened grandeur, the wit, the pathos, of the most gifted. Then would come the glorious Easter of ancient, the splendid Advent of modern genius. Station, talent and beauty would again gather to put themselves, for a time, in the grasp of men always acknowledged strongest in moulding human character.

But it may be said, that, clear the theatre as we will, we do little, for immorality is wrought into the very substance of the standard Drama. Let us examine this. Immorality in the drama may appear in three forms: first, in words and expressions, which, though coming from genius and wit, are still not those which are in common use thought consistent with the purest morality. As this argument holds equally against *reading* the best of Dramatic compositions, as the efficacy of this reading is not denied, and as there is no fear among the opponents of immorality from this source, we pass it. Those who prefer a *positive* argument, however, can find it among the essays of Macaulay. The next method in which a bad influence can be exerted, is by painting vice in charming colors. This is a charge often made, but it is easily refuted on historic evidence. Taking the English drama, we find that, with trifling exceptions, the time of Charles II is alone open to this objection. But the Stuart drama is now entirely withdrawn from the stage. Congreve, Wycherly, and their compeers, as far as action on the stage goes, are obsolete, and we shall show presently that there is a guarantee against the presentation of similar productions of any other age. The third and last way in which vice may employ the stage as its engine, is to give plausibility to skepticism. This charge falls like the last. Every one who gave us dramas, had, during his writing, the terror of the English public before his eyes. But this public, not even in its worst times, would tolerate skepticism on the stage. So true is this, that we may much more

confidently reckon on something of the opposite nature, open or implied, than the unities of time and place. A good show of orthodoxy, well managed, is as reliable as a show of patriotism. The best dramas written in our own age are remarkably free from each of these three faults, as all must own. And finally, it is argued, that the Drama gives false views of life. In a measure we grant it, and would make it an argument in favor of the system. It is a fact well known that the Dramas which please best and are most frequently represented, are those where good is seen ultimately triumphing over evil. Shakespeare breaks this rule at times, but for the great body of dramatists it would be ruin. Popular love attaches most to Macbeth, where right crushes heartless ambition—to the Merchant of Venice, where honor tramples upon avarice—to Richard the Third, where, notwithstanding reverses, virtue continually gets the better of baseness. So with a vast majority of all other Dramas. It may then be considered the *rule* of the Drama to show good triumphant over evil. The *false view* complained of then, consists in representing a betterment of life which does not exist. Now it is true that in this life the right often gives place to the wrong, but can the feeling in any man, that there is an intrinsic worth in virtue, do him harm? Can it be injurious to any one to think that there is in vice a self exhausting force? Is it worth one's while to discourage such bracing hopes which the Drama strengthens because they may not be wholly realized? We have said that the Drama has no special mission to usurp the proclamation of great moral truths, but a truth sometimes makes the Drama its organ with the greatest effect. Let any one who has seen that noble play of a modern master, where one priest, strong only in mental strength and firm only in mental firmness, rules calmly an agitated realm, baffles the conspirators crowding around him, and wields king and court as instruments of his purposes; let any one who has seen this upon the stage in good hands, deny that it gave him for a time, at least, new powers. There are few who can deny this invigoration, and to many it returns in times of perplexity and temptation as a strong force to ward off evil. It is something to know that man *can* withstand corruption—that he can obtain resources in himself against oppression—that he can, though in outward nakedness, pass unscathed through the thickest ranks of his enemies.

W.

The Wives of America.

I HAVE roomed in the same house ever since my entrance into College—and with the same lady;—and being naturally of a quiet disposition, I have advanced into the good lady's good graces farther, I imagine, than her lodgers generally do. Her affection for me mostly shows itself in her peculiar arrangement of my books and papers, and in her presenting herself for a chat (always a long one) when I am settled to any particularly hard task. One benefit I have reaped from this affection—it has been the means of bringing to light a literary curiosity—several curiosities, in fact, which I am now about to give to the world through the columns of your influential Magazine. My lady says that when she began to keep house, one of her lodgers was an eccentric individual, who left New Haven very suddenly in his Senior year. She afterwards received a letter from him, saying that he was married to an angel of peace and gladness—that he had found his wife in the newspapers—and that she should sell the furniture of his room and pay herself out of the proceeds. The furniture belonged to her before,—and so she very properly refused to sell it; in fixing up the apartment, the only relics she found were some old clothes, a 'Whewell,' and a number of old letters—all seeming to be answers to an advertisement for a wife. My old lady had read them all one rainy day, and on another she brought them to my room to keep me from feeling 'donsy.' I read them all through and have picked out a few at random for the edification of the public. They were extraordinary letters, there can be no doubt about that—very extraordinary letters, they were. To see them in print can give but a faint idea of them; their chirography—their orthography—their punctuation—the unique way in which they were folded—and directed—and sealed—all can better be imagined than described.

The reader probably thinks that this story is what is regularly called 'a hum,' and that the letters are all by the same hand; the reader may think what he pleases about the story, but the letters are veritable answers to a matrimonial advertisement; and it is only in them, considered as such, that there exists any interest.

Some philosopher once desired for a companion a beautiful ignorant woman, that he might be happy in instructing her;—he should come to America and advertise for a wife; he could take the word of the ladies for their beauty and need look no farther than the outside of the letters to be satisfied on the score of ignorance. One, by way of novelty

recommends a friend and says nothing about her own wishes—she has light brown hair and amiable temper—is a member of the church and calculated to make a good wife. The letter was probably intended to give the advertiser a specimen of the writer's versatility, for every word seems written by a different hand—they are only alike in each ending with an immense flourish. She says that she has a 'tall, light complexion,' and spells Episcopal with two o's and a t. You meet capital letters staring you in the face in the most unexpected places; they start up especially in the middle of sentences, and it is really dangerous for a nervous person to read the letter,—such very large capitals are always popping up in situations where no well disposed capitals would think of intruding. But this lady has a few periods—others have not a single stop in the whole manuscript, which makes them rather inconvenient for an asthmatic person to read out loud, to say nothing of the difficulty of finding out the meaning of some parts. Some young women appear to have made an agreement about the stops and capitals. One put in stops enough for both and the other capitals for half a dozen; but the difficulty is that the first has no capitals and the second no stops. Here is a specimen of the latter. It is written on the back of an old letter with the original wafer sticking to it, and is fastened by another of enormous size. At first sight the epistle seems to be in poetry, but on inspection, it appears that the fair applicant, not knowing exactly what to do with her capitals, put one at the beginning of every line to make it look symmetrical.

SIR:—In looking over the paper I observed your Advertisement for a wife I beaing desirous To becom a wife take the liberty to Answer it in regard to your looks I am very easy seuted providing he has a good Heart and is capible of making a wife Happy I am a young widow say 25 Years old 5 feet high dark hear and eyes As regards my disposition you may see When we become acquainted if you Are sincere you may answer this Stating when and where we may see each Other I shall wate with patience to see you

Yours

* * * * *

The next is a more extraordinary specimen still. Fancy the family council presiding over the production of this. It is written on a half-sheet of paper and enclosed in an embossed envelope—postage unpaid. It was probably not answered 'by Return of Male,' if the advertiser had any respect for punctuation, or thought that the rule of spelling the big words right and letting the little ones take care of themselves, did not always work well.

DEAR SIR:—We learn through the N York Herald that Your Are Desirous of farming A Matrimonial Engagement I write we for i Have Farther Mother Brothers And a Sister You state that You are ill favored but off A Good figure And A good

heart Now those Are verry good And go A great ways to Wards Making Life happy And Pleasant but inn Reply i would state that i Am Seventeen Years of Adge And verry good looking Off Decided Literary Tastes and some Fortuin And would Like to Except Your offer. Please Answer this by Return of Male Stating further Particulars P Her Brother Write this by her Request She says upon Recipe of Your Answer She will Return An Answer.

The original is rendered difficult to read by the strong resemblance of the h's to the m's, of the l's to the g's, and by an unfortunate propensity the writer had of inserting an r when he meant to write some other letter. I wonder if he thought that literary tastes had anything to do with candy?

Here are two letters which seem to be from the same person. Our eccentric friend probably answered the first from curiosity, and the effect he produced was fully worth the trouble. The answers are both on gilt-edged paper, without envelopes. There is a margin of two or three inches left at the side.

March 18

DEAR SIR :—As you want A wife I take the liberty of answering it I am very partial to tall Gentlemen I am A young lady not what the world call beautiful nor am I badlooking I am very affectionate and would do all in my power to make my home pleasant and my husband happy I am sure yoo cannot object to the latter part if yoo do to the former.

I remain yoor

* * *

I am 5 ft high and lady like
in my appearance and maner

March 24

DEAR SIR :—I received yoor letter today and sit down to answer it yoo ask me to send you A Daguerreotype then I suppose I might take the same liberty of asking yoo to send me one of yourself as I think a fair exchang no robbery what think yoo on the subject yoo can think about it and let me know and as to the standard Poets I shall give yoo my opinion the next letter Byron's Poem's I think are exeellent but if yoo adore him I think perhaps yoor love for him would engrose yoor mind from your little wife I am extreamely fond of birds and flowers are yoo if I married I should like to find A kindred spirret not one that would oppose me in my favouret persuits do yoo think yoo could love me I could love yoo I think tell me my Dear do yoo love the glorious spring when nature is smiling and gay and dressed in A robe of lovely green what more do yoo want me to tell yoo about myself now it is my turn to ask yoo something about yourself what complexion are yoo do yoo love large eyes I have large blue eyes I think I have wrote enough answer this the same as before as I shall feel anxious.

I remain yoor

* * *

P S Please write me as soon as yoo receive this and tell me what colar yoor eyes are are yoo thin or fleshy how do yoo like Mrs Hemens poems do yoo not think some of them are soulstiring I love Burns sweet Melodies oh they are so beauti-

ful I am passionately fond of poetry I never get tired of reading poetry write soon for I feel anxious to hear from you * * *

The orthography of these two is not to be despised, save a monomania the lady has on the subject of spelling you with two o's.

Then comes one written in a business hand—in a business envelope—postage unpaid. Her father was a lawyer, I am certain of that, and she would make a good lawyer's wife. Some of her sentences are worthy of Mr. Micawber.

SIR:—it cannot be incompatible with my sex nor of course with what I owe of delicacy to myself to look into and investigate aught which Providence has already designed and made manifest for the peace and comfort and blessing of this very sex—

I have before me your advertisement for a wife for your bosom and as manliness appears the characteristic of your writing this advertisement I would disdain prudery and false shame and I do hereby essay to answer you and if all things propitiate to have and secure your affections and an union with you * *

(I omit the description.)

If thus going so far please you, I do require that you say so by your ready reply and arrange how we can respectfully and honorably see each other and canvass our hope and our union without a change of impropriety or to each other or either of us the mortification of regret in that we have not done that only which protects our meeting and if it be so our parting without certain satisfaction—

A letter in reply hereto and directed to me shall be confidentially and sacredly received and respectfully observed and regarded in its requirements.

Yours most respectfully

Admirable young woman! Splendid education! Extraordinary talent for letter-writing! But why did she neglect to pay the postage?

One modest young woman thinks that she will suit, and therefore writes immediately to save him all farther anxiety. How kind and considerate! Another one says,

SIR:—I have met with your remarkable way of declaring yourself in want of a wife, and have been tempted to reply to it, not because I think myself either pretty, amiable, or smart, but because I thought a young man who ventures to choose a companion for life in this manner, deserves encouragement. My education is not finished, and my literary tastes are such as to allow me to say without vanity that I prefer Shakespeare to Mother Goose; my age is nearer sixteen than twenty-four, and, as property is a minor consideration, I am sure I shall meet your wishes in that particular as I have no property whatever. You say you are by no means ugly, what is the signification of this? and do you judge the applicants, who reply to your advertisement, with the same partiality as you do yourself? Should you wish to learn more of the writer, you will address * * * *

The last selection I will make comes evidently from a lady far advanced in life. The very penmanship impresses one with the idea that it comes from an old woman—without any incumbrances, such as children or property.

Mr. ———:—I observed your advertisement and after a little reflection I have concluded to answer it, not that I think I will suit you on account of my age; I am older than you some years; but from the description you gave of yourself I have some curiosity to see you and should you not be better suited perhaps we can make some arrangement

You wish the lady to give a description of her person, I am *tall* and what most people call *fine looking* not handsome but good looking, well educated and of a literary turn of mind, kind and affection disposition, one that will treat a husband with dignity affection and honor. Should I find a gentleman possessing the same qualifications I shall not hesitate to marry immediately. If these few remarks meet your approbation I will be happy to hear from you soon, Tell me when and where I can see you, I am without any incumbrance.

There are many other letters that will repay the perusal; these are not by any means the most interesting ones. One of them begins 'Unknown Alone;' another 'Stranger Friend;' a third insists on seeing a Phrenological Chart of the gentleman's head before going any farther. She would be for bandaging her children's heads instead of employing Moral Culture in order to form their characters. From all Phrenological women, St. Hymen deliver us!

Ο' Φρογγος.

ONE day as I walked by the side of a pond
 Intent upon anything new,
 A bull-frog I spied, by the side of the drink,
 Singing loudly his merry goo goo.

Then sing of the right jolly bull-frog,
 For of jollier birds there are few,
 As he sits by the side of the mill-pond,
 And sets up his hullabaloo goo,
 And sets up his hullabaloo.

The bull-frog was firstly a head and a tail,
 And wriggled about in the spring;

But as time wore away, his tail wore away,
And his head is the principal thing.

Then sing, &c.

The frog's a musician; and here's how he sings—
He fills out his belly with wind,
Then opens his mouth, and swells out his throat
Very much like the great Jenny Lind.

Then sing, &c.

The frog is a kind of mechanical piece,
And on his own principle works,
For he walks when he jumps, and jumps when he walks,
That is—he goes "steady of jerka."

Then sing, &c.

To walk and to ride at the very same time,
The frog seems by nature inclined,
For he always stands up on his hind legs before,
And sits down on two legs behind!

Then sing, &c.

I spoke to the frog, as he sat by the pond—
Dear sir, and pray how do you do?
When he turned up his eye, as if to reply,
Then said not a word but goo goo!

Then sing, &c.

I picked up a stick, or a stone, or a brick,
And threw it, and what do you think?
He kicked up his heels, and says he, No you don't,
And threw himself into the drink!

Then sing of the right jolly bull-frog,
For of jollier birds there are few,
As he sits by the side of the mill-pond,
And sets up his hullabaloo.

The Maying Party.

SOL rose from rest, with smiling face, to usher in the day,
And in her best, Dame Nature drest, looked fanciful and gay;
Aurora, mistress of the morn, then donned her golden crown,
And in her robes of loveliness upon the earth looked down;
While Sol looked round and winked his eyes, and somehow seemed to say—
"Ye birds and flowers and sparkling streams, and woods and mountains gay,
I make ye all acquainted with the merry month of May.

Come forth with baskets on your arms, ye lads and lasses all,
And greet with smiles this gladsome month in rural festival.
She brings you bowers and birds and flowers, come forth to seek them now
And let the sweet arbutus deck the brightest, fairest brow."

Scarce had the glorious king of day thus issued his command,
When climbing up the eastern hill was seen a glorious band,
Two urchins with the baggage train, marched soberly before,
And, eating pickles by the way, relieved the load they bore;
The others followed on as best to each one might appear,
And two seemed highly satisfied in bringing up the rear.
No incident of much import occurred upon the way,
Except such ordinary ones as happen every day.

At last the chosen spot was reached, and all looked vainly round
To find a seat, but finding none, they took one on the ground.
Next, various wishes were expressed, a table—or a chair—
But if was always in the way, there was no table there,
No programme, order of the day—nought but a bill of fare.
At length, for want of something else to pass the time away,
The party balloted awhile to choose the queen of May.
The choice of all most worthily upon Celestia fell,
Her maids of honor, Flora fair, and gentle Isabel.
An expedition then was sent for flowers to crown the queen,
But truth to tell, the flowers they found were rather far between,
Although the fairy of the flowers was there the search to lead,
And constable with stick in hand against a time of need.

But time would fail me to rehearse in any fitting way,
The deeds performed, the speeches said, the frolics of that day.
The table spread upon the ground, the various sorts of cheer,
The way in which the gingerbread began to disappear,
The thieves who stole a loaf of cake and ran away so fast,
And how they all were followed up and tried for that at last;
The ladies of the jury too, the judge and advocate,
And prisoners' pathetic speech about their wretched fate,—
All these and much besides are doomed unmentioned to remain,
For I must hasten to the close of this protracted strain.

The sun had veiled his gloomy face and clouds obscured the sky,
While now and then the falling drops proclaimed a tempest nigh.
A sprinkling was not just the thing, so without more delay
They gathered up their flowers in haste and turned their steps away:
Long may such pleasant memories still cluster round the past,
And their soul-cheering influence around the future cast.

Our wish besides, may those who meet upon that first of May,
See many a glad return of this so dear a holiday.

J. K. L.

One Suggestion to College Architects.

WHOEVER has read the second of the ingenious books of the "Oxford Graduate" has, if he lives in an American community, at least doubled his capacity for misery. Thoroughly converted, as he must be, to the Ruskinian notions of art, how can he walk through our streets and squares without sorrow at catching so few glimmers from the Lamp of Sacrifice, or Power, or, most of all, of Truth? The bushel which hides the first of these grand luminaries is generally wrought into the shape of a cheap imitation of an ancient temple, where a colonnade of pine, covered with white lead, apes the glories of ancient marble porticoes; the second lamp flickers under miniature basilicas; and the lamp of truth sends up a mere smoke under cathedrals pretending to the dignity of stone, but known of all men as mere shams in stucco and *papier mache*.

We would not say that there are no exceptions to this flourishing rule, for, as our pen has run along the last two lines, our thoughts have run to two exquisite churches in a neighboring small city where the ideas of Ruskin are finely developed, notwithstanding the rather unpoetical and unaesthetic occupation of the citizens, viz., trying out whale-oil. Then again we have passed, dozens of times, on our pleasant trips from, and our dreary journeys to New Haven, another specimen, from which shot many rays of truth and sacrifice, and which promised a strong light from the lamp of beauty, when the young trees just planted about it shall grow older.

Then, too, churches come to our mind which violate most rudely many vital rules in aesthetics, but which have a great deal to redeem them. The ivy screens upon the sides of our own St. Paul's and Trinity serve quite well to atone for the pepper-box towers of the one, and the tea-caddy which crowns the other. The beautiful proportions of the Centre Church redeem, in some measure, its flimsy materials; the College Street Church, although its spire, in violation of all rules, merely bestraddles the weak portico, and has no other support, is somewhat excused by its beauty; and the fact that the church in Chapel Street is next the Railroad Depot, and thus presents facilities for a rapid separation from its ugliness, to any man of taste whom it has distracted, is quite a good offset to its miraculous concoction of a Corinthian doorway, a Doric portico, semi-Gothic towers, Roman cupolas, nondescript ornaments, and Egyptian emblems.

But, to come to the field of our present investigations—the college

grounds. We have, first, the old buildings, but as they pretend to nothing beyond mere utility, they show no hypocrisy. Next to Trumbull Gallery, which is a poor casket indeed for the treasure it holds; still, were it twice as ugly we should love it, for it inspired a member of the Faculty to declare in Linonia that there was *one* stuccoed building on the college grounds, and, if he could help it, there should never be another—a spirit which, if it prevails among our college authorities, is cheaply bought, even by such a sham as the “Gallery.”

The Libraries would surely be abused by a stickler for architectural truth, and that alone. Compared in this respect with the library at Harvard, ours are vastly inferior. There we find no stucco masks and no wooden cornices or pinnacles. If our memory serves us, verity has such complete sway there, that the mullions of their windows are granite, where ours are sanded pine, and their woodwork, generally, oak, where ours is a pine imitation; they have squared granite blocks too, where we have sandstone not so perfectly shaped. But in beauty and symmetry of the whole, we consider our building far superior to theirs. Ours gives what, in such a structure, is of vast aesthetic value, a *pile* of buildings, while theirs is isolated and single in its whole design; ours, from the tint of the stone, is, in the distance, more venerable, while theirs, for sixty years to come, will show that newish exterior which cut granite retains so long. But it is to neither of our college edifices already mentioned, that we are to call particular attention. Our main subject is the castellated structure erected on the northwest corner of the university domain, for the Alumni and the Societies. We would premise here that, in this matter, we have taken no small interest. We saw the foundation laid, and day after day we watched the different courses of masonry, until the building became our old familiar friend. We expected, as a thing of course, that there must be some sham about it—some sanded wood battlements—some false towers and pinnacles, although, when we saw the cut stone so plentiful about the entrance, we tremblingly hoped the pockets of the Corporation and Societies now long enough to place *rough* stone where it was more needed to protect the work from harsh criticism. All the space, however, between the towers, is substantial and true, so are the corner battlements. The mullions of the windows, too, notwithstanding all that Ruskin taught us about the hatefulness of anything like the Perpendicular Gothic, are more pleasing than we anticipated, since they fill quite a portion of that wonderful void which composes so large a portion of the walls of the building. The blocks of stone are large, and better cut than those in the Library, and

the general solidity of the whole atones for the want of any pretensions to ornament.

The interior of the building, however, is not likely to gain much praise for that solidity which redeems its exterior. We saw, on our last visit, unmistakable preparations for *plastering* the Society halls, if not the hall of the Alumni. This is truly the unkindest cut of all. Everybody knows how miserably unpapered plaster serves its purpose on a public hall. In a year from its spreading, "the heads of the people" are nicely outlined on its surface in a dark greasy pigment, which is anything but ornamental. In *two* years, cracks and notches diversify it, even if it *was* hard-finished, while the yellow stains, so sure to come in this damp climate, are by no means rare. True, it may be said that these walls can be whitewashed; but, *first*, we do not think that whitening can fill, to any good purpose, those inevitable cracks and notches; *secondly*, we cannot so soon forget Whewell's morality and our own, as to countenance any such provocations to profanity, as placing whitewash where it shall do harm to student broadcloth. But these objections and a thousand others, are made on the score of morality and utility. Let us look at the matter in its bearings on good taste.

If there is any place where rooms should have just that substantial, venerable air which lath and plaster cannot give, it is in a structure making some architectural pretensions, and belonging to an old and honored university. We may fairly look for an age of two or three hundred years for a hall so well built as the one in question. The old chapel, (now the Athenaeum,) and South Middle College, have weathered the storms of a century, and, although of brick, and subject to much harder wear than the new building, are not yet completely worn out. The age, then, which the new structure is likely to attain, would really seem to warrant some corresponding interior finish.

Now let us make the pecuniary premises which the condition and usages of the Societies allow, and, on common principles, deduce what should be done. The Societies will probably expend in the fitting up of their halls, within two or three years, at least a thousand dollars. This is low evidently, judging from their past history when single appropriations of a greater amount have been made, and considering, too, that there is pledged to one Society, for this purpose, six or seven hundred dollars, which will be quickly equaled by the other. How should this money be expended?

If we follow what has generally been the mode of procedure, there will be some narrow sofas covered with a wonderfully scant veneering of thin

mahogany: there will be, very likely, some very poor fresco daubing on the plaster ceiling; there will be, undoubtedly, vast expanses of pine painted in sickly imitation of a kind of oak never seen by a human being. The members will, undoubtedly, be provided with a cheap magnificent carpet to trip their feet, and a brassy chandelier to bruise their heads. A President's desk, like those at present used, which, in order to suit some wonderful new revelations in architecture, shall continually prove its worthlessness for any good purpose, will undoubtedly cramp the future presiding officers, and teach all who speak from it hard lessons in Christian patience. We will lay a wager that three times as much will be spent in curled hair, in seat plush and in curtain cloth, with cords and tassels, as in all the other appointments together. In a word, there will be a room-full of sham, but not one old, substantial thing, to embody the spirit of the old Collegiate Gothic with which the massy outer doorway had impressed you—a mere repetition of the faded hangings of the old Linonian without the sanctity of its age,—a second edition of the glare playing on the dirty walls of the Brother's hall, without the pleasing and strengthening associations connected with the theatre of so many brilliant contests in wit and eloquence. It may be answered that these rooms, even as we have drawn them, (and we appeal to all concerned if the picture is not life-like,) will serve the main purpose, which is, to give a commodious hall for debate, but so did the old halls; so would a barn. We presume, however, that something in addition to this main requirement is expected; and now to our idea of a just expenditure of the funds which we have supposed each Society likely to use.

Out of a thousand dollars, we would have enough set aside to give temporary, necessary accommodations. The old carpets and furniture being used, two hundred dollars would certainly make the room habitable for five or six years. This having been done, let the remaining eight hundred be set aside for some specific purpose, and some more worthy purpose, too, than mere upholstery. A large portion, indeed the whole might be spent on a ceiling and wainscoting of black-walnut, substantial enough to last as long as the building will be used, and with such carving, here and there, as would raise College taste in the estimation of every visitor. In a few years, other things, each the best of its kind, would be added piece by piece. One year would give the ability to add a worthy President's desk, massive and carved into keeping with the surrounding architecture; another year, seats solid and beautiful. Still another, something in the way, perhaps, of a chandelier of which the Society need not be ashamed; and when the time comes, according to the process just set

forth, something rich in that which is of least account—cushions and hangings.

All this could be done were it not that our Societies are in too great haste to become magnificent—a haste perfectly absurd, for there will be time enough—a haste which sickens one when he remembers what it has done for edifices, making such pretensions as Trinity and Grace Churches of New York, in the first of which the worshiper of Eternal Truth has an equivocation overhead, and in the last a lie all around. The plan we would see adopted, is the plan of the men who built the glorious old cathedrals and town-halls of continental Europe, where one generation did one grand, substantial thing, and the next another, until there grew up the noble edifices we now see. So would we have each College generation make some single contribution and take pride in it. There is then a legitimate growth—slow but sure—proved by all natural analogy, the only growth worth our trouble.

Let us not, then, spread our Society energy, in our first attempts, over too great a surface. Do not let us, by thus trying to do everything at once, cram our halls with shabby-genteel furniture, which, in a dozen years, will be replaced throughout with new, but let us make additions, little by little, as we can, which shall last long enough to become venerable. By the present system we inherit nothing of interest, but if the system just hinted at had been adopted, we might now have, in our halls, walls and furniture of intense interest. Could we introduce visitors among the veritable seats occupied by the greatest men of the Republic during their stay here,—could we point out the walls and roof beams as those which echoed their youthful eloquence—could we show even the old clock that ticked off the time allotted them, would not our halls have an infinitely greater value than at present? Would not this be worth more than worn out hair-cloth cushioning and scratched mahogany veneering, which, no matter how much loaded with the dust of ages, or marred by the scars of centuries, in appearance, could not, in sober reality, date back twenty years?

w.

The Song of the Comet.

THE Fire-God o'er Chaldea's plains
One heavenly journey more has rolled,
And, from his western sea-grave, stains
Each grassy mound and mead with gold :
As the bright dolphin's color glows
Thrice gorgeous with its final breath,
The Fire-God's evening radiance throws
Divine resplendence o'er his death.
Now the soft, mellow, sunshine bright
Bathes the whole plain with rosy light,
And purple, gold, or crimson fire,
Illumes each humblest grassy spire.
Now slowly slant these level rays
Aloft, but still their dazzling blaze
Beams with a softening splendor on
The grave of fallen Babylon,—
Now, these tall mounds are chill and dark,
Though here and there one silver spark
Behind its mates, hangs lingering yet
On some tall dome or minaret
In yon proud Baghdad ; till at last,
Chased by the darkening shade that fast
Climbs the white spire, it but adorns
The highest crescent's sacred horns,
Then upward shoots.—The day is gone ;
The loud muezzin's mournful tone
Rings from the highest minaret,
"Allah Akbar! The sun is set!"

But while within the city's wall
The faithful thousands hear the call,
Who is it, at this sacred hour,
What Jewish dog, or Christian Giaour
Who lies beneath the plantain-tree
Without, nor bows the reverent knee ?
Alas ! AL HASSAN'S Moorish name
Could naught but Moslem birth proclaim,
Yet he, who oft by clash of zel
Hath chased the flying infidel,
Now wanders banished, outcast, lone,
In sight of Baghdad—*once* his own !
Though deep his draughts of Persian lore,
As longed his thirsty soul for more,

Spurning, in spite the Imaum's threats,
 Nativities and amulets
 Himself had dared the veil to draw
 Which mysticism has ever thrown
 O'er Allah's world, and Allah's law,
 And plucked new sweets, before unknown—
 Had dared to think each sparkling star
 That spangled o'er Night's vest of blue
 A glorious world of light, afar
 Did its revolving course pursue.
 But ah! too soon by many an age
 He read this bright, celestial page,
 Doomed by the Caliph's stern command
 To live—like the foul leper—banned—
 Since these strange doctrines must, if true,
 The Ghebers' hellish rites renew,
 And light those star-adoring fires
 Blood-quenchéd by their Moslem sires.
 Three lonely, famished days have passed
 Since Baghdad heard his footsteps last
 Move reverent to the holy mosque,
 Or gaily in the cool kiosk
 Dance to the music wild and sweet
 Of tymbalon and ziralest:—
 Alone, in view of Baghdad's towers:
 Famished, where red pomegranate bowers
 Blaze like a gory scimeter
 'Mid groves of palm and tall chenar.
 But now, when leaves the nightingale*
 Her day-bower in pomegranate groves,
 And seeks her in the starlight pale
 The tufted palm so well she loves,
 Al Haasan feels his sufferings cease
 And o'er him steals refreshing peace
 As when the sad nyctanthes' flower †
 Breathes fragrance at the sunset hour.
 Now with less painful step he walks
 Among the crinkling, reedy stalks

* "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—*Russet's Aleppo*—an authority which Mr. Shakspeare probably did not consult, when he said,

"It was the nightingale: * * * *
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree."

Romeo and Juliet, III, 5.

† "The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odor after sunset."—*Note to Lalla Rookh*.

Which like a fringed border seem
Where Tigris hurls his arrowy stream,
Climbs the steep bank : then sinks to rest
'Neath a tall plane-tree's quivering crest,
Sunk in a lethargy divine
Like that of Shiraz' golden wine.
Still his old love within him burns,
And still his ardent gaze he turns
To those bright, glorious heavens above
He dared to reverence—dared to love.
As in that fearful dream he lies
And heavenward turns his dying eyes,
His senses change: those worlds of light
No more salute alone his sight :
A new, strange joy his spirit feels
As in sweet, silvery numbers steals
Harmonious o'er his raptured ears
A chanted music of the spheres!
But see ! O'er those dark mounds, the haunt
Of many a fearful Deeve and Ghole,
Still a new sight appears, to daunt
Al Hassan's star-adoring soul.
As darkling up the vaulted sky
Rises the glittering veil of Night,
What strange celestial portent high
Lifts its long belt of snowy light—
Its head high o'er Chaldea's plain,
Far, far behind its dazzling train !
Al Hassan's brain seems still to ring
With that sweet, fearful murmuring,
But feels a thrill more fearful still
Though sweet as song of ISRAFIL.*

On ! on ! on !
By world, and planet, and sun,
In the glorious glee of my majesty
My ceaseless course with resistless force
And lightning speed I run.
Untamed, uncurbed, and free
As I rove wherever I list
In my headlong chase o'er the realms of space
No laws bind me with their stern decree
Like the sluggish planets and moons that I see
Content that they only exist.

* "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—Sale.
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I hurl proud, withering scorn
 At each dull, drowy clod,
 Nor deign to plod in the path once trod
 As they in the track for ages worn.
 But no kindling spark of ambition warms
 Their heavy, gross, material forms,
 Or feeling deforms by its passionate stings
 The dull, dead calm of the ceaseless psalm
 Which, untasting of joy and unmeaning of harm,
 In their slow, staid march they chant.
 They know not, those dull, trained dolts,
 The rapture the Comet feels
 With his form so gaunt and thin to haunt
 The slow, sure stars, and with menace and taunt
 Those pale scared orbs from their path to daunt
 Like unbroken colts, with fearful bolts
 In the soberest planet-wheels.
 But the wandering Comet, I,
 Exulting in vagrant glee,
 Leave gladly to those their dullard repose;—
 To them be the slow, sluggish life that they chose,
 But my own merry roving to me.

Fly, fly, fly!
 Through orbit, by orb and moon,
 Not a moon nor an orb but I hurtle by
 Or pause if I list, or distant or nigh,
 As hither and thither in space I hie,
 Some prank to play, or some mischief to spy,
 Quick appearing, and vanishing soon.
 Now near the red, regal sun
 For a moment in awe I stand,
 Whose dazzling disc since last I viewed,
 Since last at whose terrible throne I stood,
 The utmost star round its orbit grand
 Strong-curved by that mystic, majestic band,
 Five-score full times has run.
 And I pause, and I list, and I gaze:
 And I gaze from this central, imperial place
 O'er the wide, wide waste of limitless space,
 And I see round me, proud Sun, and round thee
 In a fearful, wildering maze,
 Moon, planet and world resistlessly whirled
 In the old, worn paths in which first they were hurled,
 And on they haste in the wide, wide waste,
 As though the world's raced and were chasing and chased;

So the globes of fire-blood course along
The starry arteries bright.
But I pause, and I gaze, and I hear;
And I list with a strange delight
To the heavenly harmony, clear and strong,
While space rings out with the choral song
Of each silvery-vocal sphere:
And I list, while celestial symphonies
Roll thundering down the vast abyss,
And the melody swells like myriad bells
In a jubilant chime of awful knells
Loud tolling down the limitless:—
But sweeping, rolling back
In tumultuous surge from the farthest verge
Of the circling Zodiac,
To this flood of harmony divine,
In a plaintive minor come strains diviner
From the remote lone-wandering orbs,
Whose waves with that jubilant flood combine,
Sweetly to soften and sadly refine
The great sound-sea which its music absorbs.

So I gaze, so I list as I pause;
But now slowly I turn from my post so bright,
Whence around and above into fathomless night,
From the central orb shoots the thick dense light;
And lothly I turn, because
I have lingered too long at the terrible shrine,
I have listened too long to the strains divine,
Chimed by the melodious stars that shine
Through the crystal diaphane;
For far, far too bright, in its whelming might,
Is the hot, hot light for a comet's weak sight,
And I feel in his proud disdain,
The Sun-God my arrogant nearness to spurn,
And unwilling, awe-stricken, I feel that I turn,
Driven on by an unknown power;
While all my particles thrill and burn,
And I moan, as I tremble and cower;
And slowly, reluctantly sweeping along,
I keep tune with my wailing, departing song,
In the heavenly symphony;
And dimmed is the sheen of my glittering train,
And its lordly length begins to wane,
As it shudders and shrinks in its flaunting vain,
And flutters in fear from me.

Far, far, far,
In the depths of the infinite,
Where the white-winged car of the farthest star
Wheels on its circuit bright—
Beyond where the grand and motley host
Of the constellations stand,
Each one at his ancient kingly post,
Unmoved, when the universe changes most,
By Time's remorseless hand—
Beyond where ORION proudly bears
His mace and sword before myriad globes—
Where the zone that the cinctured VIRGIN wears,
Oclasps brightly around her sparkling robes—
Where the horns of TAURUS are white with foam,
And the LION's eyes flash heavenly flame,
And the prowling BEAR seems still to roam,
In quest of the planets so scared and tame—
Where blazes the SCORPION's blood-red star,
And the Bearer spills stars from his water-jar ;
I turn my eyes and I turn my course,
I must speed me on with untiring force,
And I may not rest, until
I have passed where these terrible warders stand,
Beneath, above, and on every hand,
To guard the bounds of this system grand,
With menace so fearful and still ;
Till I lave and cool my withered form
That was scorched in a region all too warm,
Like a moth in the candle's flame,
In that crystal sea of eternal day
Which millions of millions of leagues away,
Appears but a milk-pale chariot-way,
For beings of heavenly frame.
And I may not rest, though my wavy train
Be shattered and torn in my toil of pain,
As I dash by the rolling spheres—
Though fair VENUS spread her witchingest wiles,
Arrayed in her loveliest starry smile—
Though Imperial JOVE in his sweeping might,
With each glorious full-orbed satellite,
Bear fiercely down my impulse light,
And stay me for scores of years,
I must thither bend my weary flight
Where the Galaxy's tide appears.

See! see! see!
What bright, fair thing is this,

So fair and bright, it must surely be
 The abode of sereneest bliss.
 'Tis a glorious globe of purest green,
 Where its face peeps coyly through
 Its fleecy cloud-veils silvery sheen,
 And there rolls and tosses in frolicsome spleen,
 Yet lovingly clings to its orb, I ween,
 An ocean of dark deep blue.
 'Tis the EARTH—round the SUN that centres all,
 'Tis the loveliest orb that rolls,
 But nobler far than each rolling ball
 Is its freight of precious souls ;
 For mightier far than the mightiest star,
 Are those myriad spirits there ;
 And I pine to think how frail *we* are,
 And would fain their earthliness share,
 For when planets and suns shall fade away,
 To original chaos given,
 For them commences eternal day
 With the Author of all in Heaven.

Slowly the phantom sinks behind the hill,
 While new, strange hopes Al Hassan's bosom fill,
 That from his clay his bruised soul should rise,
 To live when stars are faded from the skies.

K.

Memorabilia Valensia.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Forenoon.

1. Latin Oration, "De Eloquentia Americana," by CARROLL CUTLER, *Windham, N. H.*
2. Dissertation, "Athenian Democracy and Modern Republicanism," by HENRY E. HOWLAND, *Walpole, N. H.*
3. Oration, "The Huguenots," by THOMAS G. RITCH, *Stamford.*
4. Dissertation, "Our Indebtedness to the Sixteenth Century," by EDWARD WILBERFORCE LAMBERT, *New York City.*
5. Oration, "Archimedes," by WILLIAM REED EASTMAN, *New York City.*

6. Oration, "The Pupilage of Nations," by HORATIO W. BROWN, *Burdett, N. Y.*
7. Dissertation, "The Conflicts of an Inquiring Mind," by WILLIAM B. DWIGHT, *Constantinople, Turkey.*
8. Oration, "Rome under the Emperors, and Rome under the Popes," by WILLIAM HUTCHISON, *Chester Co., Pa.*
9. Dissertation, "The Grandeur of Life," by JOHN MILTON WOLOOTT, *West Springfield, Mass.*
10. Dissertation, "War in its Relation to the Progress of Civilization," by JOHN C. SHACKELFORD, *Glasgow, Mo.*
11. Dissertation, "Cervantes," by ALEXANDER STEVENSON TWOMBLY, *Boston, Mass.*
12. Dissertation, "The True Thinker," by STARR H. NICHOLS, *Danbury.*
13. Dissertation, "Characteristics of the Present Age," by BENNETT JASON BRISTOLL, *Naugatuck.**
14. Dissertation, "The Character of Thomas Jefferson," by ABRAM ELISHA BALDWIN, *Cornwall.*
15. Oration, "The Union of Enthusiasm and Principle," by SAMUEL WALKER, *Downington, Pa.*
16. Dissertation, "The Influence of Science in the Modification of Labor," by ERSKINE N. WHITE, *New York City.*
17. Oration, "The King behind the Throne," by GEORGE F. NICHOLS, *Greenfield.*
18. Oration, "Heresies in Philosophy," by LEMUEL STOUGHTON POTWINE, *East Windsor.*

Afternoon.

1. Greek Oration, "Ἀσυνίδια ἐν Θερμοπύλαις ἐπὶ μάχην παροξύνων," by WILLIAM H. FENN, *Charleston, S. C.*
2. Dissertation, "Our Country," by JAMES WILLIAM HUSTED, *Bedford, N. Y.*
3. Dissertation, "True Manhood," by STEWART L. WOODFORD, *New York City.*
4. Oration, "Charlemagne," by ORSON C. SPARROW, *Colchester.*
5. Dissertation, "Invention and Reason," by ERASTUS LYMAN DE FOREST, *Watertown.*
6. Oration, "Hernando Cortes," by GEORGE DE FOREST LORD, *New York City.*
7. Oration, "Shelley," by J. MORGAN SMITH, *Glastenbury.*
8. Dissertation, "The Middle Classes," by JOSEPH WARREN WILSON, *Natick, Mass.**
9. Dissertation, "William Wilberforce," by JOHN WORTHINGTON HOOKER, *New Haven.*
10. Oration, "The Manifest Destiny," by WILLARD CUTTING FLAGG, *Paddock's Grove, Ill.*
11. Oration, "What the Trees Say," by LEANDER H. POTTER, *Rockford, Ill.*
12. Poem, "Zenobia," by JAMES KITTREDGE LOMBARD, *Springfield, Mass.*
13. Dissertation, "The Triumphs of the Baconian Philosophy," by JAMES EDWARD RAINS, *Nashville, Tenn.*
14. Philosophical Oration, "The Conventional," by WILLIAM HENRY NORRIS, JR., *New Haven.*

* Excused.

DEATH OF ALEX. F. OLMSTED.

At a meeting of the Students in the Department of Philosophy and the Arts, held Monday, May 9th, to express their sentiments in relation to the decease of their late fellow student, Mr. A. F. Olmsted, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, in the all-wise counsels of our Heavenly Father, it has pleased him to remove from us by death, Alexander Fisher Olmsted, late a member of this Department—

Resolved, That while we bow before the hand that smites us, we deeply deplore the loss to us of a friend, whose disposition so pre-eminently amiable and generous, and whose characteristic willingness to oblige at whatever sacrifice, have endeared him to the recollection of all who knew him; and we regret the loss to the world of one just in the bloom of manhood, whose scientific attainments, untiring industry, and firm Christian principles, gave so fair a promise of a useful and honorable life.

Resolved, That to the afflicted family we tender our heartfelt sympathies, and trust that in their bereavement they will find much consolation in the full assurance we have, that what is our present loss has been to him an eternal gain.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and to the press for publication.

C. D. SEROPYAN, Chairman.

C. L. IVES, Sec'y.

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### Editor's Table.

—"I would derive the name *Editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called."—*The Biglow Papers*.

AND in good sooth, gentle reader, the present is an occasion when peculiarly the Editor would fain "esteem himself called" to the occupation above alluded to, rather than that other which public sentiment usually assigns him. Still, however, opposed to an entrancing vision of indolent after-dinner repose, there rise up before the mental sight of the unhappy Editor, grim visions of the devil unappeased, of an "appreciating public" eternally embittered with disappointment, of the entire editorial corps, "fierce as four furies," wreaking dire vengeance on the delinquent. Here though, in this last group of the fearful picture, there is suggested to me one thought of consolation, for am not I, or (for an Editor *must* be either egotistic or vegetative) are not we at least the equivalent of that dread group! Are not the individual *we* at this present emphatically the Bored of Editors! (*There's* where I haïved them.)

This last successful sally of humor however, hath a salutary effect on the Editor, and causeth him to wax good humored, so that he concedeth that perhaps he hath performed the one duty to such an extent during vacation, that he cannot complain that the other duty cometh now.

And as to that vacation, reader mine, how did *you* spend it? Alas! poor fellow, you couldn't answer if you would—you don't know the pleasure and the dignity of wielding "that tremendous engine, the public press;" but you may be interested to know how the Editor spent it—which was in rustication. The Editor never tried this in term-time, but is so well pleased with the experiment in vacation, that he is firmly resolved to try it this very term. N. B. After Presentation Day.

It was a very calm and unimpassioned style of pleasure, was this ruralizing, very like one long, blissful after-dinner *siesta*, of at least two weeks duration. There was quiet lounging on sofas "in the house," and placid discourse with them, (with whom?) there was unscholarly and discursive, but very vacation-like reading—wherever-he-liked, in the forty octavos of the "Living Age"—and what a store of every thing good in reading is that for vacation times or all times! Surely a man must almost live an age to be satiated with the product of the last two lustrums. There were sleepy May-day strollings, diversified occasionally with episode of interest. Such was that in which the Editor, remote from "home," and overtaken by a shower, seeks shelter in a friendly farm-house; the good-wife in the parlor-kitchen, in the midst of pie-making, striketh up with the "college young gentleman" a conversation unto edification on the state of religious feeling at the University, who however speedily bendeth his gaze toward a somewhat un-rural and comely damsel, apparently of "sweet sixteen" or a little beyond, on the other side the fire-place, who tendeth with almost maternal care a bright-eyed youngster, whom the Editor at once decides to be the fair damsel's youngest brother. Editor admires the filial affection which thus assists the parental culinary efforts—and exclaims, (mentally,) "Felix pi-etate natæ!" Enters at once into animated discourse on babies in general; endeavoring to show his knowledge of the subject, is somewhat surprised at the indignation his polite inquiries meet with, when he asks how many teeth the baby has, and whether it can walk yet, (baby between three and four months old;) succeeds in mollifying indignation by giving baby his watch to play with, and allowing it, after frantic efforts to dash the watch upon the hearth, to practice gymnastics in his (Editor's) hair. (N. B. Editor has by nature about an equal affection for babies, toads, and snakes.) Editor concludes after a few minutes more that, though not given to self-flattery, it would not be going too far to say that he had made a decidedly favorable impression. Proceeds very skillfully to turn the conversation upon country life and scenery; quotes from Horace, (in English,) "O fortunati nimium," &c. "Oh yes, but I don't live in the country now. I've only been up home for the last five or six weeks for a visit." (Dreadful suspicion flits vaguely across the Editor's mind.) "Indeed? Quite a long stay in the country, especially at this season?" Damsel, (smoothing the horrid little baby's bald head,) "Yes. Quite so. I presume my husband will think so, when he sees me next week." Editor walks to the door, and surveys the clouds—thinks the rain has held up so far that it will do for him to go on. Turns to make parting salutation to the old lady in question,—sees her in the act of taking the first batch from the oven; singular coincidence, they were just *done*! Editor relates his adventures

upon arriving home ; is unable to see what "the girls" find to laugh at in them—*As didn't laugh!*

The Editor, however, tries also equestrianism—that is, he indulges in extensive expeditions on pony-back. (Editor declines to narrate how he makes *just one* essay on the mountainous\* ridge, by courtesy called the back, of a certain elephantine animal, taken for the occasion from more useful agricultural employment, and how without a single moment of preparation, he is launched from the back of his faithful courser (qu. coarser!) on to his own back, and recovering himself to an indistinct sound of something like "Quadrupedante," &c., he walks home not quite three miles, a good deal "more in sorrow than in anger." Editor don't like to think of this—'twas so discreditable to the horse; but he resolved then and there to stick to the pony in future—it didn't seem to be his gift to stick to the horse.)

Pony succeeded however admirably; in fact, he seemed to throw himself, (*there the acute observer will discern wherein he differs from his projectile predecessor.*) Mounted on Pony the Editor makes triumphal progresses through the streets of every village within ten miles' radius, and finds it very easy to "phansy the feelinx" of Napoleon entering Vienna. He takes also a grim delight, when questioned as to the proprietorship of the noble charger, in flinging a quotation from Horace at the defenseless skull of his impolite interrogator, "*Pone meum est*," and then pegging along the road at a rate that leaves to the astonished rustic a view only of a confused maze of tail and bushy fetlocks. (N. B. The word "corned" evidently derived from that confused state of the brain in which it is said to be in a maize.)

To say nothing of the occasional relaxation of a Sunday, in staring out of countenance a large young lady of decided personal appearance, who "wobbled" in the choir, the Editor was in the country long enough to appreciate and enjoy the following touching lines from a "cotrumpery" down South. They are suggested by the complaint of a Colonel or Judge Somebody (every body in that part of Georgia is either judicial or military) that some scoundrel had been slitting the ears of his darling pig, with the evident intention of "cutting and coming again." In other words, he had served poor piggy precisely as melancholy served the youth in Gray's Elegy—had "marked him for his own." Hear the indignant burst of heartfelt sympathy:—

"Oh, ever *thine*, since childhood's hour,  
We've seen *our* fondest hopes decay ;  
We never raised a calf or cow, or  
Hen that laid an egg a day,  
But it vos 'marked' and took away !  
We never fed a sucking pig,  
To glad us vith its sunny eye,  
But ven 'twas grown up fat and big,  
And fit to roast, or boil, or fry,  
We couldn't find it in the sty !"

The above overflows with tenderness and pathos ; the great West, however, will surpass it in true sublimity. We have before us a small sheet entitled "The Light

\* *Instar montis equum.* Virg. *Æn.* ii, 15.



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